

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

SINGLE COPIES, SIX CENTS.]

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—Devoted to General Intelligence and Politics.

ONLY \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXIV.

CAMBRIDGE, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1854.

NO. 3.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
RICHARD M. BEALL,
ONCE A WEEK.
\$1.50 PER ANNUM—IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

POETRY.

[From the Washington Star.]
Hurrah for the Flag of the Free.

There's a banner that gracefully swells on the breeze,
'Tis a vision of glory to see—
Shining out like a star on the waste of the sea,
As it floats o'er the hearts of the free,
Hurrah for the Flag of the free,
Hurrah for the Flag of the free,
For a herald of right,
And an emblem of might,
Is the star spangled Flag of the free!

There's the white for the pure, and the blue for the true,
Like the "Promise of God" that we see;
And we're called from the garden of Heaven's deep blue—
The stars for our bright *Fleur de Lis*!

E Pluribus Unio, oh, long may it stand,
A tower of strength in our cause;
And may we forever, with one heart and hand,
Stand up for our *Flag and our laws*!
Hurrah for the Flag of the Free,
Hurrah for the Flag of the Free,
For a herald of right,
And an emblem of might,
Is the star spangled Flag of the Free!

*The insignia of French Royalty under the urban dynasty.

POPULAR TALE.

[From Dodge's Literary Museum.]
"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

A MEMORY OF A CHRISTMAS EVE.
BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

Then bind the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most bright
Then do thou sigh for pleasure?
Oh do not widely roam!
But seek that hidden treasure,
At home, dear home!—Bernard Barton.

By a thousand firesides glowing with
Christmas fires, encircled by happy Christ-
mas faces, rejoicing in the Christmas meet-
ing, they sit serenely happy—"the old folks
at home." We youngsters, who play at
"hide and seek," or "puss in the corner,"
look up to them with wonder and affection.
They are the Adam and Eve of our
world, and as we gaze upon the snowy locks
of the one, and the neat muslin cap of the
other, we wonder if Methuselah was so
very much older than grandpa, and if his
wife (we take it for granted, with the un-
questioning faith of childhood, that he had
one), looked any like grandma; and, above
all, if she carried such lots of peppermint
in her pockets for the little Methuselahs.—
If so, we conclude they must have been
very happy children, and impart the same
conclusion to her (our grandma, not theirs)
in a whisper, at which she only laughs
heartily, and shakes her head. Does she
yes or no?

Our thirst for Scriptural knowledge does
not seem likely to be satisfied, and so we
resume our play. Sarah and Lizzie are
laughing in one corner of the room with
two young college students who have found
their way to our quiet home, and our father
is buried in the daily paper, and his own
easy chair. One other should be in her
place beside him, but ah, our mother is
dead! We have kept many a Christmas
since we laid her in the coffin, with little
Willard in her arms, and yet she is not
forgotten. The freight leaps up and casts
a warm glow over her portrait that hangs
above the piano; my father looks up, at-
tracted by the sudden blaze, and his eyes
meet those that never were an angry
glance. He sighs, throws aside his paper,
and leans his head upon his hand. His
sudden depression is not unnoticed by the
old folks. Grandpa's bright blue eyes (so
like hers) are suddenly dimmed with
tears, for Lucia was his favorite child, and
grandma's sweet voice trembles slightly as
she calls Lizzie to her side and asks her
for some music. The two students open
the piano and stand ready to turn over the
leaves of the music-book. Sarah takes her
guitar, and Lizzie seats herself before her
favorite instrument. Our father turns round
suddenly. "Sing I'm sitting on the stile,
Mary," he says, and with a glance at each
other, they comply. The two students join
in the song, the melody subdues the wild
spirits of us little ones, and we nestle by
our father's side. Their voices are sweet
and clear, and tremble, full of tears, upon
the lines—

"For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast."

Ah, they can sing no more! Lizzie's hand
falls upon the keys, Sarah's guitar lies up-
on the floor, and the sisters are weeping in
each other's arms. Our father clasps us
to his breast, his own eyes are wet, and
something glimmers like the evening dew
on the cheeks of the collegians. The old
folks sit with clasped hands and saddened
faces.

Ah, mother, mother! see how we all re-
member and mourn thee! Dead thou may-
est be to others, but we will keep thee liv-

ing in our hearts.

A few moments pass, and we are calm
again. They sing once more—not that
song, but Moore's sweet melody, "The Ca-
nadian Boat-Song." Then Lizzie and Sa-
rah sing a Venetian Serenade, and we chil-
dren listen for awhile, till Georgy makes a
rabbit on the wall, and entices us to the
other end of the room once more. From
the parlor it is but a step through the little
entry into the kitchen, and one after another
we steal out there to look at the wide-
mouthed chimney where our stockings are
to hang, and down which Santa Claus is to
come. Susan, the pretty house-maid, is
sewing there, and detains us for a long
time with marvelous stories of ghosts and
hobgoblins, till we hold our breath and
draw close together in pleasing terror. We
must return to the parlor, but there is the
entry lying between us and it, and who can
tell what strange sights and sounds may be
seen and heard as we cross its dark space?
It must be done, however, for we cannot
stay in the kitchen all the evening. So
we glide through it in Indian file, holding
on to each other's jackets and pinafores,
while Susan holds a lamp in the kitchen
door, and laughs at us for our cowardice.—
With what a sensation of relief we gaze
once more upon the circle before the par-
lor fire, and how nimbly the last of the line
comes through the hallophen door, lest a
shadowy hand should grasp hers and draw
her back into the cheerless dark, lighted
only by the uncertain beaming of the kitchen
lamp.

Our sisters have left the piano, and now
sit near the old folks, cracking nuts and
eating apples. One of the collegians names
Lizzie's apple after himself, and looks par-
ticularly blank when she shows him five
seeds, and repeats, archly,

"One I love—two I love—three I love, I say;
Four I love with all my heart, and five I cast
away!"

While the other announces triumphantly
that Sarah's contains eight seeds. We all
know "Eight they both love;" and Sarah's
dark eyes wear a tender glance as he whis-
pers something in her ear. Lizzie's friend
has a most persevering disposition, and will
not allow the fates to be against him. He
selects another apple, snaps it with his fin-
ger, and named it once more, seeks his for-
tune again, while she looks over his shoulder
with mischievous eyes, but turns away
hastily, and blushes like a rose, when he
announces the result. "Eleven they court,
and twelve they marry." The collegian's
heart is at rest for the remainder of the
evening, and the old folks exchange glances
and beautiful smiles with each other.

The "eight-day clock" strikes the hour
of nine, and all present adjourn to the kitchen,
to witness the ceremony of hanging up
the stockings. The old folks cannot join
in the merriment around them—they stand
a little apart, and watch us, kindly but se-
riously, for at that same huge chimney our
dead mother has often gazed with delight
upon the gifts the kind Santa Claus has
brought her. Memories of cross words and
naughty looks flit through our brains as we
hang our stockings there, but we trust to
the good heart of our unseen visitor to pardon
all such offenses, and leave the room
with visions of sugar plums, picture books,
drums, and whips, and wax dolls, dancing
before our eyes. Under such circumstances,
and with so many around us, the entry
has no terrors, and we even peep courage-
ously into its darkest corners, and lay our
hands upon the knob of its closed doors,
but there our hearts fail us—we dare not
open it, but follow our older guides precipi-
tately into the parlor.

Our father awaits us there. He still
sits by the table, but the great Family Bi-
ble is open before him, and when we are
seated, he reads to us of the young Christ-
child who was cradled in a manger, and
worshiped by the wise men of the east.—
And then we all kneel in silence while he
prays that God will make us innocent and
holy, as was that wondrous babe, so that,
in due time, we may meet our dear mother
and brother in Heaven.

His voice trembles slightly as he con-
cludes, and when we rise and gather round
him for his good-night kiss, he lays his
hand upon every bright young head, as if
in blessing.

Our eyes are already heavy with sleep.
Besides, we know that if we go to bed now,
the morning will come more quickly, and
so, under the guardianship of Sarah and
Lizzie, we bound merrily away, leaving the
two collegians talking with my father, and
the two dear grandmothers smiling by
side in their easy chairs, sitting a kind
adieu to us. Seen through the half-closed
door, they look calm and peaceful; it is as
if two guardian angels had alighted there,
to shield us all from harm.

God bless the "old folks at home!"

Nothing British.—A Yankee, bearing
an inveterate hatred of everything British,
is living in a neighboring city with a col-
onist family. He takes every opportunity
to have a slap at Brother Bull, and the
colonist does what he can to defend the old
gentleman.

"You are arguing," said the colonist,
"against your ancestors."

"No, I am not."

"Who was your father?"

"A Yankee."

"Who were your forefathers?"

"Yankees."

"Who were Adam and Eve?"

"Yankees, by thunder!"

COMMUNICATION.

[For the Cambridge Chronicle.]

Mr. Editor.—I noticed an advertisement
in your paper a few weeks ago, purporting
to be from a gentleman in want of a wife.
Now, ma and I have duly considered the
matter, and we have come to the conclusion
that I'm your man, no, your woman, I
mean. I think it but just to tell you that
though I am no shrew, yet I have a will of
my own, and will not promise to call him
"Lord" and master as Sarah did Abraham,
for I think we are more enlightened in this
our generation of women's rights than those
ancient individuals were in their genera-
tion; besides this is a free country, so I
cannot acknowledge a master, but I will
call him *honey or ducky* when I am in a
good humor, which I shall always be, if al-
lowed to have my own way, and am never
crossed. Well I suppose I must say some-
thing about my looks. Know, then, that
my hair is of a beautiful auburn color, but
the people of Cambridge are vulgar enough
to call it red, because auburn hair is so rare
that they do not know it when they see it.
My eyes are cerulean, with a sweet, and
mild expression; yet some curious persons
have called me squint-eyed, and cross-eyed.
I think I may justly call them laughing
eyes. My nose, I'm at a loss how to de-
scribe, it was originally Grecian, but I
fell down stairs when quite young and
broke it, which misfortune has given it
quite an upward tendency; its aspirations
are altogether lofty, and it seems to snuff the
air in utter contempt of every body. I
think it gives quite a piquant expression to
my phiz. You know the nose is the most
expressive feature of the face. I know
not if my mouth is what Tom Moore calls
a kissable mouth. I am a better judge of
mouths than he, for I know the whole fami-
ly of Moore's, and I'm sure Tom should
not set himself up for a judge of anything,
for he is decidedly rustic, and as his time
is mostly taken up in tending pigs and cows,
and such poultry, and raising ducks, geese
and such like vegetables, he cannot be ex-
pected to have a surplus of sense. Now
as he knows not what to say when he calls
on a lady, he thinks he must do something
to hide his ignorance, so falls to kissing,
and as it is said a continual washing will
wear away a stone, it is probable a con-
tinual kissing will wear away the lips. I
suppose Tom likes a large mouth, with
thick, substantial lips. Oh! what a horrid
country bumpkin he is; it makes me quite
nervous to think of him. But I would have
you know, Mr. Editor, that I'm no ad-
vocate for kissing. I once knew a gentleman
who lost his lady love by this propensity.—
It came about in this way; he had a pet
goose, and one day in a fit of tenderness,
attempted to kiss it; the goose not liking
such familiarity, snapped at his nose, leav-
ing an indelible impression thereupon, when
he called upon his lady love she immedi-
ately noticed the rubicund appearance of
his nasal organ, and thinking he had been
on a spree, forthwith dismissed him. But
to return, my mouth is shaped like a bow,
not a *rain bow*, but Cupid's bow. By the
way, Mr. Editor, I think the mama of that
same Cupid is very stupid or very lazy to
send her child out into the world without
a rag of clothes on, to the utter scandal of
the *old maids*, and the constant shocking
the modesty of the young ones. It is as-
tonishing that the ladies of the moral re-
form society, have not supplied him with
a pair of breeches ere now; it must be an
oversight. However be that as it may, the
ladies of our sewing society, intend setting
them an example in this matter, for the ne-
ther garments of this shameless urchin, are
actually being made by a maiden member
who is very zealous in all good causes.—
My teeth are really beautiful. I suppose
I should like them to something to give
you an idea of what they are like; well pic-
ture to yourself a row of pearls, or the
grains of the— I don't know what,
or a whole pot full of boiled rice; they are
good teeth for masticating food; of which
I like plenty, and that of the best kind.—
In stature I'm about the height of Venus.
In form as perfect as Powers' Eve. My
carriage is grace itself, resembling the mo-
tion of a swan more than anything I know.
In disposition I'm amiable; some ill na-
tured persons once said if ever I had the
good luck to get married I would prove a
perfect Xantippe, which I regard as rather
an ambiguous compliment, for I do not
know who she was. I am certain my fami-
ly is the most ancient in the State, and I'm
sure I never heard of her before. Indeed,
I dislike obscure individuals, and I have
never inquired about her. Now Mr. Edi-
tor, if you wish to know about my acquir-
ments, I will gratify you at another time,
though you must see by this clever letter,
which is purely original, that I am quite an
adept in the art of writing.

Yours, &c.,
DOLLA.

Mrs. Ward, a respectable woman,
living in Ashley county, Arkansas, was
as she supposed, "informed by a spirit,"
that her left hand had offended her Maker,
and that to make her peace she must part
with it. Mrs. Ward immediately got out
of bed, procured an axe, and cut off her
hand to the wrist.

The body of Lieut. Camillus Saunders,
who was lost in the Revenue Cutter Ham-
ilton, has been found, and brought to
Charleston.

Story for Boys.
It is related of a Persian mother, that
on giving her son forty pieces of silver as
his portion, she made him swear never to
tell a lie, and said,
"Go, my son; I consign thee to God, and
we shall not meet again till the Day of
Judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he
travelled with was assaulted by robbers.—
One fellow asked the boy what he had, and
he said,
"Forty dinars are sewed up in my gar-
ments."

He laughed, thinking he jested. An-
other asked him the same question, and
received the same answer.

At last the chief called him, and asked him
the same question, and he said,

"I have told two of your people already
that I have forty dinars sewed up in my
clothes."

He ordered the clothes to be stripped
open, and found the money.

"And how came you to tell of this?" asked
the chief.

"Because," said the child, "I would not
be false to my mother, to whom I prom-
ised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so
mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy
years, and I am insensible at my age of
the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand,
that I may swear repentance on it."

He did so, and his followers were all
struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt,"
said they to their chief, "be the same in
the path of virtue."

And they instantly made restitution of
the spoils, and vowed repentance on the
boy's head.

There is a moral in this story, which
goes beyond the direct influence of the
mother on the child. The noble sentiment
is infused from breast to breast, till those
who feel it know not whence it came.—
Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine

Take a Newspaper.

Winter has come with its long evenings
and cheerful firesides. The howling blasts
drifting snows, and other concomitants in
the reign of the ice king, shut up the at-
tractions of the outer world and revive the
endearments of the domestic hearth. The
family circle, that has been broken by the
deranging influence of the business season,
when toil and fatigue have courted an
early repose, are again united, and a sea-
son of recreation for the intellectual and
social powers ensues. The mind must have
food with its amusements, or else it be-
comes morbid and senseless—and what a
never failing fountain for its improve-
ment is provided in the family newspaper!

Take a Newspaper, and you do more to
secure the morals of your children and pre-
pare them for future usefulness, with a sin-
gle dollar, than by five times that amount
bestowed in any other way. It is a duty
which every father owes to his family and
his country, to take a newspaper. It cul-
tivates a taste for reading and spreads be-
fore the minds of the rising generation a
chart of the passing events of the age,
which they will consult and will, by so do-
ing, add daily or weekly to their stock of
knowledge. No person, who reads a news-
paper regularly and carefully, goes into the
world without a knowledge of its doings
that secure for him intelligence and res-
pect. We say to every man, and every
man should say to his neighbor, "Take a
newspaper."

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.—Amongst other
queer characters in Paris, mentioned by
some letter writers, the following strikes
us as a very strange but probably a very
useful one to those who court the "rosy
god." If a man will drink and get drunk,
too, it is certainly humane to have those at
hand who are able and who will take care
of him and see him safely home.

The Guardian Angel is a man whose
duty it is to frequent all the drinking-
shops, and the moment a man gets tipsy,
to take him under his protection, to accom-
pany him home, and put him to bed. The
individuals practising this profession are
picked men—men who never drink them-
selves—who have the necessary moral au-
thority to force obedience from the drunk-
en creature they are conveying home—
who can defend him against attack, and
more than all, who can prevent him from
drinking at the shops they pass on their
way. The price for this service is ten sous;
and there is not an instance on record of
an individual thus protected home and put
to bed having failed to discharge this debt
of honor. It is a rule at the drinking-
shops, that when a man cannot stand, he
must be taken off, and the Angels are kind-
ly termed. The Angels are kindly treat-
ed by the shop-keepers, whose interest it
is that none of their customers come to
harm. They receive the odds and ends of
the dinner, and are recommended to their
neighbors when a reliable man for some
confidential errand is wanted. Their hon-
esty is proverbial, and a bachelonian with
a hundred francs in his pocket, who is con-
fided to their charge, is morally sure of
finding his hundred francs where he left
them, when he wakes the next morning.

"Remember the poor." Oh, yes we
all remember them, and—don't do any
thing else.

Honesty—the best policy.

Absence of Mind.

We have heard of numerous instances
of mental abstraction—most frequently
connected with men of great devotion to
some peculiar literary, scientific, or theo-
logical investigation, which monopolizes
the mental powers. We could point out
many individuals who fill the pulpit with
ability, and display in their discourses vast
powers of intellect, who in the social party
carry on some mental exercise which dis-
connects them from passing events.

In Massachusetts is a clergyman of this
class, who in his absent intervals is very
likely to appropriate to himself not only
whatever handkerchiefs may chance to
come in his way, but table napkins also.
were frequently found in his pockets when
returning from social tea-parties at his pa-
rishoners. This was so much a habit that
his wife would search his pockets on his
return, for the purpose of restoring the ar-
ticles speedily to the rightful owners. One
day his wife found in his side pocket a
whole silk apron, strings and all. He
could give no account how it came there
—it was a mysterious affair. A lady of
the parish, however, settled the matter sat-
isfactorily. In conversation with her guest
after tea, on some subject in which he felt
much interest, he mistook her apron, as
she supposed, for his handkerchief, and be-
gan to tuck it away in his pocket. Know-
ing his abstraction, rather than break the
string of discourse, she untied the apron
strings and let it go, not a little amused at
seeing the whole, after two or three efforts,
snugly stowed away in his capacious pocket.
—*Portsmouth Journal*.

AN INCIDENT AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.
—A letter from Washington, in the Peters-
burg Democrat, says the following incident
occurred at the Navy Department on the
4th inst:

A young and accomplished lady was to
see the Secretary relative to some suspi-
cions which hung over the legality of the
ceremony of her recent marriage with a
Lieutenant in the Naval service. She
states that some months since she was con-
ducted to a house in this city, and there
married to her supposed husband by a per-
son ostensibly an Episcopal clergyman—
that rings were exchanged, and for a short
time they lived together, when he was sud-
denly called off to the Pacific. Doubt had
been raised as to the legality of the mar-
riage, and she entertains a dark suspicion
that there has been an imposition practiced
upon her. Immediately on hearing the lady's
narrative, Secretary Dobbin, with that en-
ergy and uprightness of character for which
he is justly distinguished, peremptorily or-
dered the Lieutenant to report, in person,
to him, at as early a period as possible, de-
claring, with emphasis, that if it did turn
out to be true that he had practiced a
fraud upon the poor girl, his name should
be stricken at once from the roll of the Na-
vy.

A correspondent sends us the fol-
lowing:—
"If our government allow a rifle or rifles
to be sent to Russia, to the Emperor Nicho-
las or any one else, I propose by the same
license, to send a few thousand to the
Turks."

Here is a question for constitutional law-
yers. If one rifle may be sent, a hundred
thousands may, by the same rule.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

And the man who applies to the lawyers
to have the question solved, will have his
own pockets rifled.—*Dodge's Literary Mu-
seum*.

A poor Irishman applied at a
church warden's office, at Manchester, for
relief, and upon some doubt being express-
ed as to whether he was a proper object for
parochial relief, he enforced his suit with
much earnestness.

"Och, your honor," said he, "sure I'd be
starved long since, but for my cat."

"But for what?" asked the astonished in-
terrogator.

"My cat," rejoined the Irishman.

"Your cat! how so?"

"Sure, yer honor, I sould her eleven
times for six pence a time, and she was al-
ways home before I'd get there myself."

A beautiful woman once said to
Gen Shields, who bye-the-by is an Irish-
man:

"How is it, that having obtained so much
glory, you will seek for more?"

"Ah, madam," he replied, "how is it,
that you who have so much beauty, should
still put on the paint?"

"Father," said a roguish boy, "I
hope you won't buy any more gunpowder
tea for mother."

"Why not?"

"Because, every time she drinks it, she
blows me up."

A female writer says: "Nothing looks
worse on a lady than darned stockings."

Allow us to observe, that stockings with
a hundred fringes in his pocket, who is con-
fided to their charge, is morally sure of
finding his hundred francs where he left
them, when he wakes the next morning.

A baby, scarce two months old was
received in Louisville the other day by Ad-
ams & Co.'s express.

What is a bloomer? A woman who
pants for notoriety.

January is the month of which little
is expected from farmers beside the la-
bor of tending their produce to market.—
Pork and beef have commanded pretty high
prices, considering the state of the money
market. Corn and grain are high enough
in the opinion of those farmers who buy
these articles, and potatoes command high-
er prices than they have heretofore. Cat-
tle and hogs want attention. Pure water
is important, and the less ice which is found
in the trough the better. Card all the cat-
tle daily—old and young; the old cattle to
stir their blood, and the younglings to
make them gentle and kind. A good mile
catch more flies with molasses than with
vinegar, so you will save much fogging
and running after cattle and pigs and
try by making friends with them, and
treating them with familiarity. Breeding
hogs will be more likely to treat their young
with respect if you live with them on good
terms and attempt not to drive them to the
well. The days are now short, yet some-
thing may be done, even in the shortest
days. Have the wood all cut and split for
the next spring, and throw it up loose
where the air may draw through and dry
it. Yoke the steers, occasionally.

Toads are the best protection of cabbage
against lice, and other vermin.

Plants when dooping, are revived, by a
few grains of champhor.

Pears are generally improved by graft-
ing on the mountain ash.

Sulphur is valuable in preserving grapes
&c., from insects.

Lard never spoils in warm weather, if it
is cooked enough in frying out.

In feeding with corn, sixty pounds ground
goes as far as one hundred pounds in the
kernel.

Corn meal should never be ground very
fine, to injure the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have doubtless the
nutritious matter that large ones have.

Wild onions may be destroyed by culti-
vating corn, ploughing and leaving the field
in its state all the winter.

Ruta Baga is the only root that increas-
es in nutritious qualities as it increases in
size.

Sweet olive oil is a certain cure for the
bite of a rattlesnake. Apply it internally
and externally.

Rats and other vermin, are kept away
from grain by a sprinkling of garlic when
packing the sheaves.

Money skillfully expended in drying land
by draining or otherwise, will be returned
with ample interest.

To cure a scratch on a horse, wash the
legs with soapuds, and then with beef
brine. Two applications will cure the
worst case.

Timber, when cut in the spring and ex-
posed to the weather with the bark on will
decay much sooner than if cut in the fall.

Experiments show apples to be equal to
potatoes to improve hogs, and decidedly
superior for feeding cattle.

The Farmer.

Some one has truly remarked that "the
true farmer is always a philanthropist."

Not only does he toil for the provision of
his own wants, but in all his efforts, aims
and undertakings, he is perpetually stimu-
lated by the benevolent desire to leave the
world better and more happy than he found
it. Says an elegant author, "We con-
template Agriculture as subsidiary not only
to abundance, industry, comfort, health,
but to good morals, and ultimately to reli-
gion. We regard the farmer, strict to his
employment, and cultivating his lands, as
belonging to the first order of noblemen." In
the language of Channing—"Real great-
ness has nothing to do with a man's sphere.
It does not lay in the magnitude of his out-
ward agency, but in the extent of the effect
which he produces."

Every student of history is undoubtedly
aware that a very great majority of the dis-
tinguished men of the Revolution—its war-
riors and statesmen, were from the produ-
cing classes. Washington, Jefferson, and
Stark, were farmers; Franklin a printer,
and so with hundreds of others that might
be mentioned.

The National Democrat has a re-
viation of an old quotation, in application
to some of the newspaper writing of the
day:—
"It fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where words accumulate and thoughts decay."

Somewhere has brought out a collec-
tion of the "Songs of Scotland without
Words." In order to render the thing
completely agreeable, we would propose
that the songs without words should be set
to bagpipes without sound, and sung by
persons without voices.—*Punch*.

The poor man who envies not the rich,
who pities his companions in poverty, and
can spare something for him who is still
poorer, is, in the realms of humanity a king
of kings.

An Old Toper was overheard the other
day, advising a young man to get married
—because then, my boy, you'll have some-
body to pull off your boots when you get
home drunk.

Knowledge—is power.